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without fear, while Rubens sits and listens to the Venetian theory of color. The line of sculptors, furnished forth as it is with all the great practitioners from John of Pisa to Cellini and Puget, strikes one rather for absence than for opulence of world-famous names. When Michael Angelo is mentioned, what sculptor's name is left in modern art to compete in glory with the greater painters? The really supreme portraits for a gallery of sculptors are fabulous ones, and the grave has closed on the secret of the individuality of Praxiteles and Scopas and Myron. Delaroche, occupied with Christian times alone, has to distribute his immortality among the hardly-to-be-called living names of Bontemps, and Pilon, and Majano, and Puget. The architects, too, are subordinate in interest to the painters; but he has made grand, compact, solid existences out of the builders of Notre Dame and the Strasburg Dom, and of the florid creators of renaissance beauty, Palladio and Sansovino. Among all the seventy-five human figures, representing every temperament and all the ages and developments of manhood, not a figure is ungraceful or inharmonious. The drawing, the device and treatment of drapery, the association of divergent periods of costume, are carried to a pitch of ingenuity never before reached in a similar composition. How noble are the draperies of Leonardo da Vinci, sitting as a patriarch in his velvets and silks; how perfect is John van Eyck, introduced as the inventor of oil-painting, in his flowered brocade of Utrecht, wrapped

around him like the brodered robes of his own saints; how nobly fall the narrow robe of Titian and the ascetic frock of Angelico! How supremely is familiarity introduced into the posture, without a shade of vulgarity, as in Mansard clasping his crossed knees, Caravaggio holding his chin in his fingers, Goujon bending one knee gracefully on the seat by

really?' 'You ought to go.' 'Of course I shall go. That is, if I can find a moment!'" Such was the comparative forgetfulness into which the artist had fallen, says Dumas, that hardly a thousand people gathered to see this immortal work, when five years before a new

was in the act of smoking a cigar." Whether English eyes, as then, contemplate the "Hémicycle" picture, or American ones, as now, in one of the richest of our national galleries, it must be admitted that the palm for a thoroughly dignified historical art-motif in this century must be awarded, for this picture, to France. CICERONE.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW HUNT AND RIMMER ARE MISSED—GLANCES AT THE MUSEUM—COURBET'S "LA CURÉE"—MILLET'S PICTURES IN BOSTON—AMERICAN SUBJECTS FOR AMERICAN ARTISTS—"THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS."

BOSTON, January 18, 1881.

ART in Boston wears at present a discouraged look. Not that there has been any fresh disaster, the deaths in the family took place last year in the loss of Hunt and Rimmer; but always after the period of decent mourning comes the real appreciation of a loss, and of the difference

created by such events. We are in fact beginning to realize how much life and vitality went out of the art of this city with that brave, gay spirit, William Hunt, the slayer of Philistines, the champion of the friendless, the strong-tower and the apology at once of the whole tribe of would-be artists. Dr. Rimmer's influence was less positive, but his learning and genius gave art-teaching here a prestige and art-study a promise that nothing at present quite supplies the lack of. The upper ranks of painters could point to Hunt's success, artistic, social, and pecuniary, as the warrant for high pretensions, and the whole community of art-workers felt that any effort was proved worth while by his achievements. Dr. Rimmer gave undoubted distinction to the Art

245.—FROM MY WINDOW. 19 X 20. Museum school, GEORGE HITCHCOCK. whatever may have been the practical deficiencies in his methods of teaching. The school is as good as ever in actual work, no doubt, but no commanding character appears in its "personnel." The artist fraternity is composed of nearly the same workers, but its visible head is gone, and the ablest and most independent of them would admit that every interest suffers in the absence of the artist whom all, of whatever school or degree, equally looked up to, and from whom all received the ready word of encouragement for whatever was genuine in his work.

The Art Museum is still in a somewhat disordered condition, the rearrangement of its materials since the exhibition of contemporary American art not having been completed. The room of porcelain ware, Oriental metal-work, and Chinese curios is closed for repairs to the building. The room for architectural casts has at last received its most commanding feature, the portico of caryatides in imitation of the façade of a Greek temple. In this room also has been completed the reproduction of the "Angel Choir" of Lincoln Cathedral in England. The collection was already rich in bits of exquisite mediæval statuary from the same source, gargoyles and little images of saints and monks, some of them of rare and racy quaintness. A number of Grecian urns and large-sized friezes are also set up here, and a doorway imitating in stucco the fine Arabic tracery of a Moorish portal of the Alhambra completes



202.—TWILIGHT. 17 X 28. HENRY FARRER.

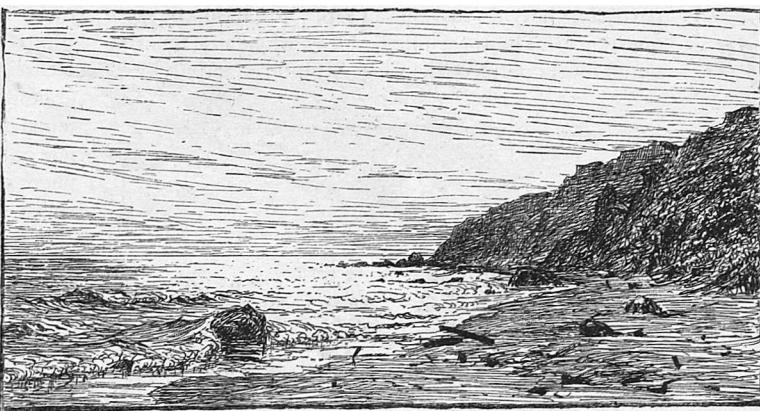
canvas by Delaroche would have caused a rush from the four quarters of Paris. Eighty thousand francs was the meagre honorarium put into Delaroche's hand. He paid a large sum to the engraver for extra care on his plate, feeling that his work was something for posterity, and that his grandest chance for fame would hang to



181.—"BEG!" 10 X 14. J. SYMINGTON.

that one engraving—in effect the greatest plate of modern times.

Thackeray's "Paris Sketchbook" has a little thumbnail sketch of Delaroche at work on the "Hémicycle" which seems to bring him very close to the eye. The not-yet genius remarks at the period before "Vanity



339.—AFTERNOON AT BLOCK ISLAND. 16 X 30. J. C. NICOLL.

which he stands! The portraits are nearly all most satisfactory, being elevated without falsification, noble without flattery. The "Hémicycle" is such a study of renaissance manners and dresses as a Greek artist might make if resuscitated for the task.

The replica in the Walters gallery dates from the year 1855, when, the large original picture having long been stretched in place—and rescued, by the by, with difficulty and not without defacement from a fire—it became necessary to prepare for the contemplated engraving a duplicate stamped with the authentic force of the master. He went to the School, and remained there, says De Mirecourt, three weeks at work on the smaller canvas. "It was in the midst of winter, and impossible to sufficiently heat the room, and the porter of the Beaux-Arts School used to wrap up Delaroche in woollen coverlets." The sensation caused in Paris by the revelation of the original canvas in the room was great, only marred by the fact that Delaroche, for the very purpose of its preparation, had withdrawn himself for nearly five years from the easily-forgetting Parisians. The elder Dumas has a passage describing its unveiling. After the five years' eclipse of his name—"Delaroche? Delaroche?" people would say. "Well, he has finished his grand labor!" "What grand labor?" "Why, his "Hémicycle?" "Ah, and so there was a "Hémicycle?" "Yes!" "And where is it all?" "At the Beaux-Arts Palace." "Ah,

Fair" and "Pendennis," "He is at present occupied with a vast work at the Beaux-Arts, where the writer of this had the honor of seeing him—a little, keen-looking man, some five feet in height. He wore, on this important occasion, a bandana round his head, and

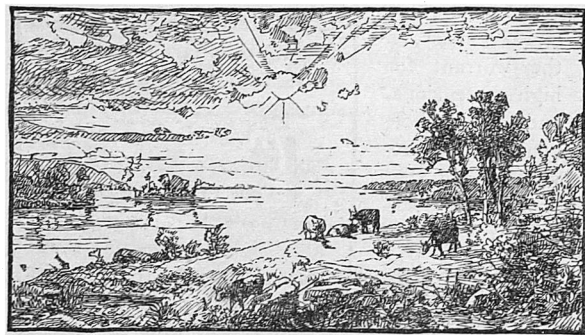
the extensive view of architectural ornament here offered.

One of the richest departments of the Museum collection (which is nothing if not comprehensive in its



1.—TIME FLIES. 12 X 22.

scope) is that of stuffs and fabrics. In this department the Japanese cases outshine all others; the marvellous magnificence of their embroidery and silks, the fantastic foulards, the splendor of their colors, the solid richness of taste not less elegant than original and various, are the wonder and delight of connoisseurs and the despair of manufacturers. I have already described at



387.—WAWAYANDA LAKE. 12 X 22. J. F. CROUSEY.

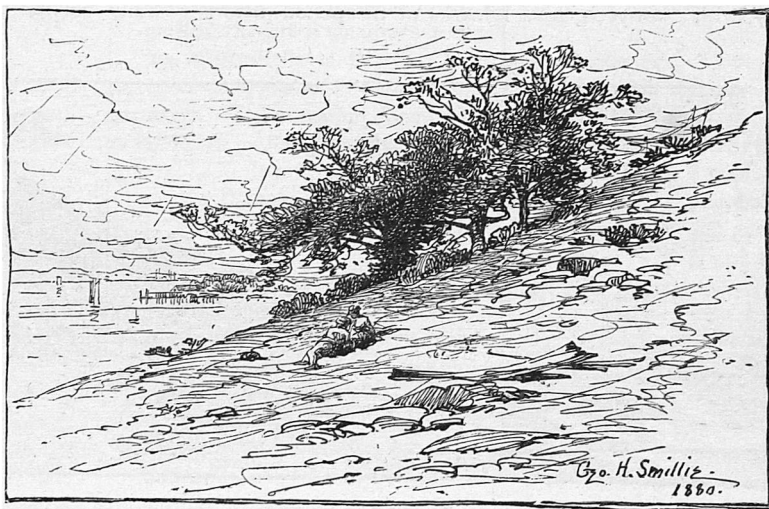
some length the tapestries of this noble collection. The church vestments and embroideries are not less worthy of admiration. To the latter has recently been added a rich and beautiful piece of needlework by the Sisters of Saint Margrette, the Protestant—I beg pardon—the Episcopal sisterhood of this city. On a silken

ground are embroidered quaint but tasteful forms of kneeling angels and "perpendicular saints" of the Fra Angelico pattern. But the selection of the colors—delicate blues and pinks and greens touched out with gold—is not less admirable than the chaste outlines of the figures.

The great Courbet, "La Curée," which has been one of the principal pictures in the Art Museum for several years, has been removed by its owner for cleaning. In the thirty years of its existence it has received some twenty coats of varnish, which have dulled its color. It is now in the hands of a competent artist, under whose supervision this incubus will be rubbed off, and the original colors of the masterpiece be brought to view once more. This picture was brought to this country some twenty years ago and purchased by the Allston Club, now extinct. In fact, the club extinguished itself in that effort. The picture cost them twenty-five thousand francs, but it may be purchased by the French Government some day for more than that. Its subject is the end of a hunt in the deep shadow of a forest; the stag just killed has been hung up against the trunk of a tree; against a neighboring tree leans the leader of the hunt, while sitting near by a boy in red waistcoat winds the horn, summoning the hunters to the spot. Two of the dogs just coming up are sniffing fiercely at the lifeless prize. Between the massive trunks of the forest is seen the landscape beyond, in

the merest glimpses, but the surpassing strength and beauty of the light and distance upon the green fields is such that the whole is felt for all that. The drawing of the dogs and of the figures, the manipulation of the hair and texture of the animals, the solidity of all the objects, above all the serious yet unctuous tone given by the deep shadows of the wood and the rich green of the landscape, combine to make this one of the most perfect pieces of painting in existence, rivalling even the greatest works of the old masters. The only drawback is the character of the subject; such mastery of handling and treatment would have been worthy of the most elevated theme of poetic imagination. It would have been a pity, to be sure, to have wasted it on any academic allegorical conventionality. The frank choice of a picture appealing to the taste of his times, and illustrating the artist's own nature, is not an unworthy accompaniment for such work. But it would have been still more effective had it been expended on some subject allowing some play of sympathy, or at least of suggestion to the feelings. As it is, however, there is nothing for it but to be thankful for the mere existence of such perfection of art, and it is pleasant to see that the fortunate possessor of the great work so well understands its value and is determined to recover its full beauty.

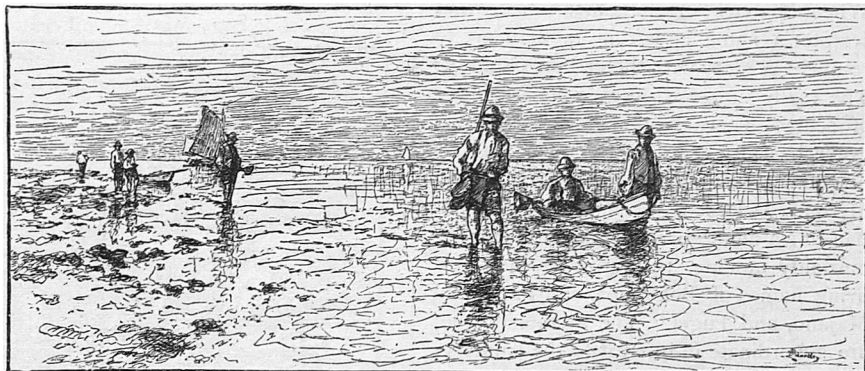
The same gentleman is likewise the owner of a very important Millet, the quaint and homely "Tobias and Anna," the centre of which most characteristic composition is the broad back-view of the aged matron. She has run out of the house, it will be remembered, at the approach of her beloved and long-absent son, and has caught up her skirts, as she hastens down the yard, peering under one hand, so that the clumsy peasant shoes on her heavy feet are seen. The blind old father comes tumbling out after her, one hand grasping the door-post until his foot shall feel the next step beneath it, and with an evident pious cry of joy and thanksgiving on his lips. The very clumsiness and awkwardness of the figures, drawn in the most loving and most intimate sympathy, give the pathos of the scene. But this homeliness, so dear and so significant to the peasant painter, is too strong for the average picture-buyer and connoisseur. What was sweet and profound in import to the painter is ugly and disturbing, not to say repellent, to those who cannot enter into the spirit in which he painted. So far as the mere painting of it goes, the work has every value. Nothing in modern art better satisfies the standards of technique set by the



128.—NEAR PORTLAND, MAINE. 20 X 28. GEO. H. SMILLIE.

masters than these Millet canvases. The color is harmonized by the same principles that governed the Venetians, and the luminous shadow is as clear and satisfying. Moreover, the drawing is surpassingly per-

fect, proving the fullest knowledge and the most sensitive appreciation of line and form. The collection of Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, of this city, which boasts a Tintoretto, two Paul Veroneses, and other Italian masters,



128.—A SUMMER HOLIDAY. 10 X 18. ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

contains nothing which the owner values above his great Millet (of about the same size as this Tobit, two yards long by one high), representing an old French-



296.—THE CITADEL. 9 X 13. CHAS. PARSONS.

man in his shirt-sleeves lifting the earth with a mattock, while his female helper drops the seed potatoes into the holes. The bright, strong light in which the old gardener stands and the apple-tree spreads its branches lets in summer sunshine like a third window at the end of the room and makes all the rest of the rich collection fade into labored artificialities. Mr. Shaw is the possessor of a score of Millet's paintings—including the "Sower"—many of them bought of the artist himself, and twice as many characteristic drawings by this Normandy Burns in art.

We are called upon to admire a painting by W. P. W. Dana, on exhibition here, just received from Europe, where it was painted on an order from Mr. Astor, of New York. The subject is the escape of the American frigate Constitution from the British fleet. The composition is large, but not particularly effective; the drawing of the ships is turgid and conventional, and the color monotonously dark, not to say dirty. However, it is an attempt to paint an American historical picture, in itself a rare and laudable thing for an American artist to do, which reminds me that a private letter from Mr. E. H. Blashfield, the Boston painter who has just returned from Paris to take a studio in New York, says that he has sworn off

from the Gérôme school style of Roman and classic topics which he has affected in the ambitious way inculcated by the surroundings of Paris student life, and has taken to American history for his material. I hear that he and Bridgman have happened once more to hit upon the same theme in looking about for an American



443.—PIROSKA. 7 X 12. GEO. W. MAYNARD.

subject. It is well that this should be understood beforehand.

The latest infliction here in the way of peripatetic paintings is the sensational "Shadow of the Cross," by Mr. Holman Hunt, that bold, vulgar piece of prosaic pre-Raphaelitism for which a moral showman in London paid \$50,000 and got his money back the first year. As you have seen its labored and petty realism—its crinkled shavings and its inch-by-inch copying of muscle and skin, its loud, discordant color, shrieking like a piccolo flute to the bass-drum of its religious subject, to draw in the rustic quarter-dollars—I need not trouble you with a description. What a disgrace to the art of England, and of the nineteenth century!

GRETA.

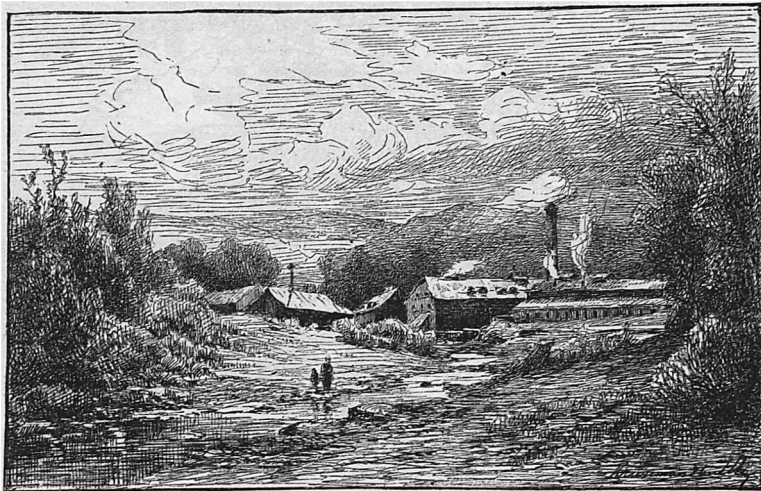
MODERN ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

THE following is from Mr. Holman Hunt's valuable remarks on artists' materials, with especial reference to the durability of the canvases in the London National Gallery:

The first paintings which claim our attention are naturally those by Hogarth. Thirty years ago they were as sound as when first put into their frames; the simple and honest character of the mode of painting adopted had kept them in excellent order. The painter, in parting with them to the purchaser, had begged that he himself only should be allowed to varnish them,

immediately below them, they were being treated like dishes rather than pictures. The "Bagnio Scene" is the most damaged, for serious cracks, threatening further movement, have revealed themselves, of a kind that seemed quite foreign to the character of the works. These, unless coming from some hidden use of asphaltum, traceable in no other indication, neither the painter nor his colorman are responsible for. The defects of Sir Joshua's pictures, beyond those already referred to, come from the use of cochineal lakes and carmines in the place of the sound kermes and madder lake, and of orpiment in flesh instead of the eternal Naples yellow, which all the old masters used with such perfect success. A lavish use of wax on an unsuitable ground was, perhaps, a further cause of evil. One valuable picture, the portrait of Dr. Johnson, worthy to compare with any portrait of manly character in the whole collection, is, except in a certain lowering of the whites, in admirable state.

There are two works by Sir T. Lawrence which illustrate a consideration of great importance that has never received due attention in our time, and that is the difference of durability of a painting on a good or a bad cloth. The portrait of Mrs. Siddons is on a flimsy material that would scarcely suit for even a small painting, and so the whole canvas is mapped out into seams, dividing all the work as though it were in preparation to turn it into a dissecting puzzle. The divisions which will every day become worse from the dilation and contraction of the canvas come from below, and not from above, and are proofs of want of wisdom in the choice of canvas. The portrait of B. West, on the other hand, is on a sturdy, firm cloth, and, except in one point, where, from a blow, the coat of paint has scaled off, the picture is entirely well preserved.



301.—THE TANNERY. 18 X 29. KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.

I will now give you a list of pictures by Turner painted on bad canvas. "Richmond Hill" seamed in sky and water. (More here, because the white used has made the body like porcelain, the pigments used for the deep colors from earths, etc., being more pliant.) "The Decline of Carthage," which is worse, from having been taken off its original strainer and made larger by six inches at the bottom, the painting, in the process, having probably been shaken and twisted by careless and ignorant work-people. "Orvieto," which is much cracked in parts where it is greatly loaded; "Heidelberg Castle," and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," both seamed in ground, the latter, in addition to being mapped over in general lines, being cracked on the inner lines of the stretching-frame on both edges of the cross-piece, and also staved from blows given behind and from shaking, a very small proportion of which damage would have thus shown had the canvas been a stout one.

This will be at once understood by observing the pictures on good canvas. The "Dido" is one of these, which is sound except where asphaltum has been used. "The Calais Pier" and "The Shipwreck" are both on good sail-cloth, and they, being otherwise wisely painted, are as sound as when first put aside; "The Tenth

Plague" defies cavil, and the "Dido and Æneas" is only cracked in impasto from other causes, probably from too great haste in loading, for the "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," being on good canvas, is much loaded but not cracked.

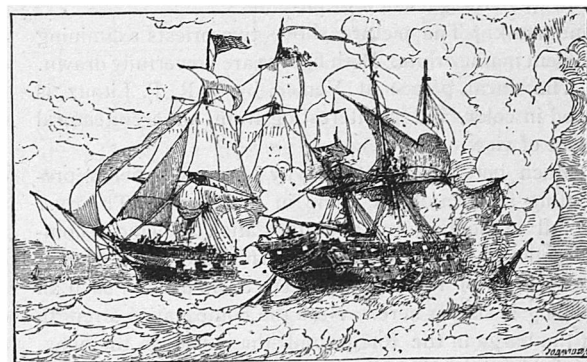


125.—THE PUZZLED VOTER. 14 X 16. F. HOVENDEN.

It will help us to see how important it is to have the ground as firm as possible if we look at works by the same master and of the same date on panel, which, in respect to unfluctuation, should be perfect. "Wind-sor," "St. Maur's," and "The Approach to Venice" are, while the wood is unsplit, in no danger of damage from below. Some of these are cracked in slight impasto, which raises the question whether the panel was duly seasoned.

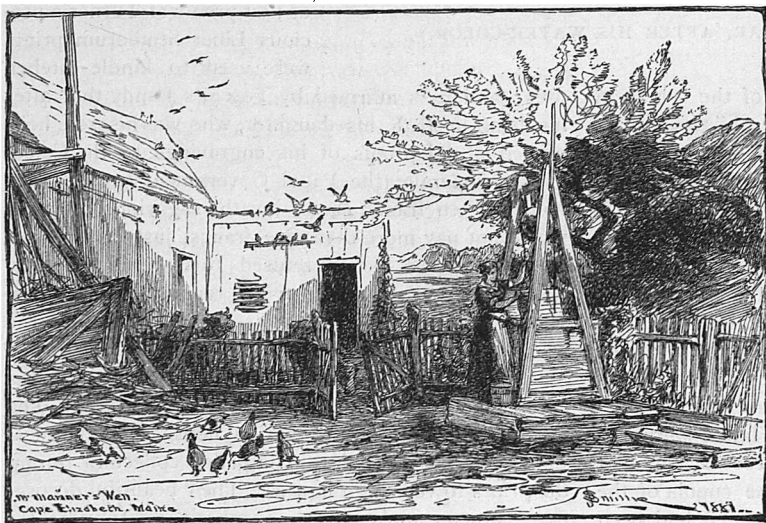
I feel that the study of pictures of past days, for the mechanical science of painting, so soon brings one to the recognition of the importance of the choice of canvas that I will venture to interrupt my scrutiny of the Turners to point out that Rembrandt's painting of "Christ Blessing Little Children" is, for an old master, on exceptionally bad canvas, with diagonal lines of fracture that seem to be following lines of a large diaper pattern. Claude's "Isaac and Rebecca" is also damaged in ground; but the mischief may not be the result of a bad choice of canvas, only of the want of a panel-back to the cloth, and of carelessness—much too common in people who ought to know better—in the handling of the picture.

Some of Turner's pictures suggest other lessons. The "Hoar Frost" is cracked all over in the sky, and is re-opening in lines once filled up. The evil is very like one which has come to a sky of a picture which, thirty-four years ago, I, by mistake, painted with salad oil, and which, three weeks afterward, to expedite its drying, I touched into with the medium called megilp.



301.—THE "GUERRIERE" AND THE "CONSTITUTION." 36 X 24. J. O. DAVIDSON.

AN excellent opportunity is afforded book-illustrators by Mr. Henry K. Van Siclen, of 95 Fifth Avenue, to enhance the value of Mrs. Lamb's recently completed "History of the City of New York," by inserting therein Mrs. Eliza Greatorex's well-known etchings of "Old Landmarks of New York." There are sixty plates, each of which has a special value for the purpose indicated.



463.—MARINER'S WELL. 13 X 21. JAMES D. SMILLIE.

when this was wanted; so it is certain that he took all pains in their execution to guard them from danger. Unfortunately, about twenty years since, they had to be removed to Marlborough House and to South Kensington, where, with hot air blown over the surfaces of the pictures from pipes since changed, but then placed